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*Pleasant Hours*  
BY  
W. FRANK STEWART

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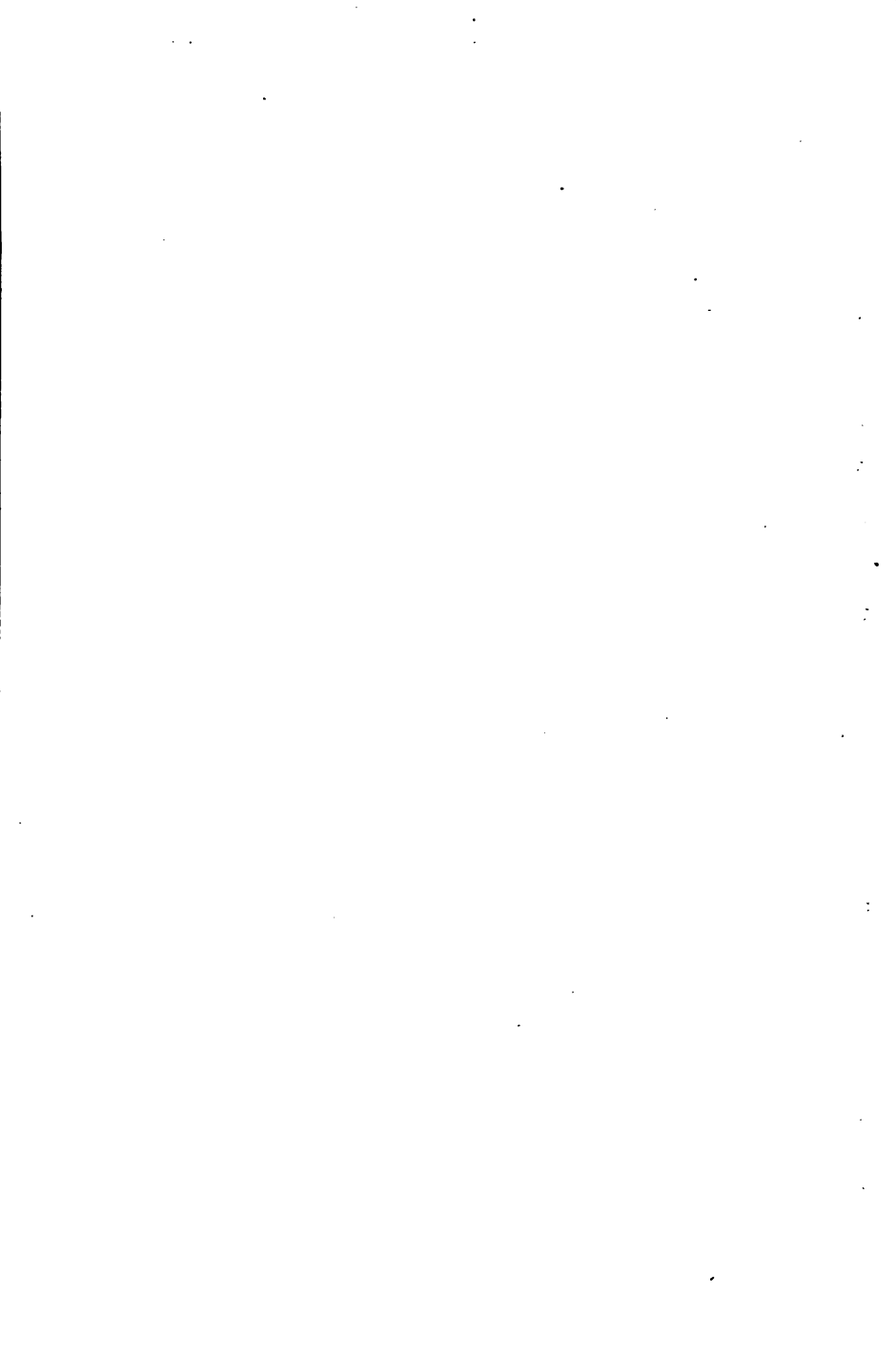
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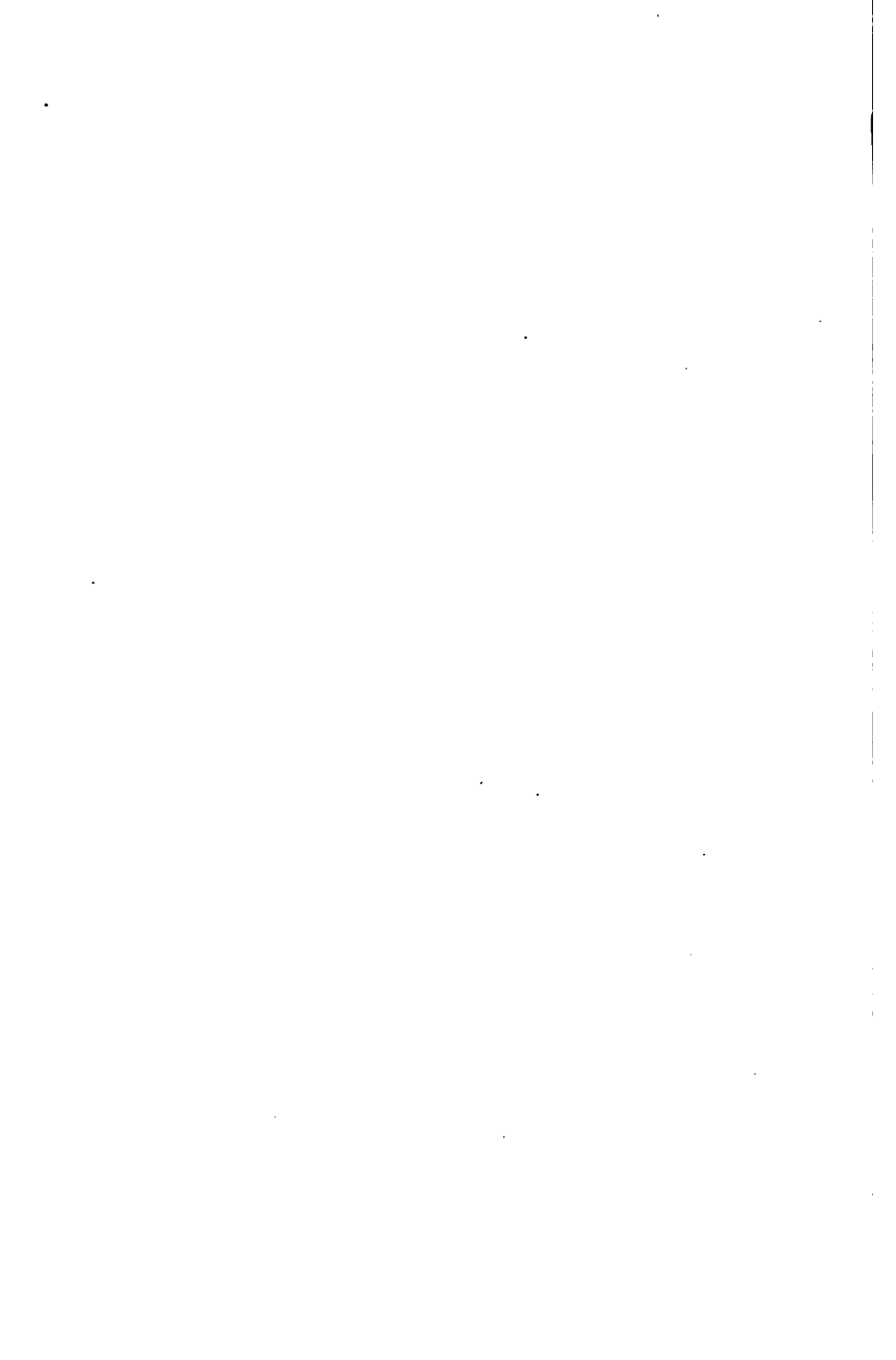


Poem on Poe, p. 11

Post-phocine, p. 21. - possibly  
the target of Bret Harte's parody  
Walker, San Francisco's

Literary Frontiers,

p. 227









# PLEASANT HOURS

IN AN EVENTFUL LIFE.

By

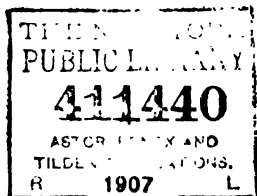
W. FRANK STEWART.

SAN FRANCISCO :

JOHN H. CARMANY & CO., PRINTERS.

1869.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year of our Lord 1869, by

W. FRANK STEWART, ■

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F. W. Morris  
 Oct 10/07

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**PLEASANT HOURS.**



## SALTILLO.

HIGH o'er the barren plain the rugged heights  
Of wild Sierra tower to the sky,  
And round the crested peaks, like phantom sprites,  
The clouds in mimic squadrons march on high;  
Or, loudly roaring through the rifted hills,  
The chilling NORTHER sweeps the mountain's side,  
And blends its uproar with the foaming rills  
Which plunge o'er cliffs, or through the valleys glide.

'Tis here, upon the mountain's craggy breast,  
Saltillo lies—"The City of the Poor"—  
Where man by Man and Bigotry oppress'd,  
Lives but to want and beg from door to door:  
For here the demon Superstition reigns,  
And sways her sceptre o'er the darken'd mind—



Usurps the royalty of soul and brains,  
And rules triumphant o'er the halt and blind.

E'en now, while gazing at yon gorgeous fane,  
Whose golden domes illuminate the air,  
My spirit sickens as I view the train  
Of starving beggars who are crowding there.

The saving virtues of the Roman creed  
Are here of all their pristine goodness shorn:  
On sapless husks the stolid Aztecs feed,  
And cast away "the precious oil and corn."

Awake to life! ye cringing, crouching slaves,  
And rend the chains of ignorance and fear;  
Be FREEMEN, or in honored freemen's graves  
Rest from a life of misery severe;  
Renounce the thralldom of a living shame,  
And cease to kneel before the stinging rod:  
Awake to hope, to glory, and to fame,  
And light a holocaust to Freedom's God.

[SALTILLO, *Mexico, January, 1847.*]

## EDGAR ALLAN POE.

[The following poem was written upon reading a malignant and untruthful critique upon the life and character of the illustrious POE, which appeared in a British Review, some years ago. The poem was written in Shasta Valley, in the winter of 1854.]

"No further seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode."

GRAY.

POOR Allan! They have buried thee at last  
In that dread prison-cell of earth, the grave—  
The silent, rayless, deep, corroding grave,  
Where life's frail temple sinks to nothingness.  
Poor Allan!—'tis a melancholy thought  
That genius-quicken'd hearts like thine must die,  
And thus be mingled with the dust; but oh,  
How tenfold worse than even death itself,  
To know, that, ere the dank, unsightly clods  
Have crushed our coffins into kindred clay,  
Our names and fame alike become the prey  
Of that infernal Gorgon, CALUMNY!

She from her dark, polluted cavern crawls,  
Like hell's malignant messenger of old,  
And o'er the fair, unblemished monument  
Which Justice rears above the honor'd dead,  
Breathes the accursed venom of her soul;  
And that which yesterday was Parian white  
Is now a mass of mouldering blackness!

The Bard is dead. With Pharisaic cant  
The vain, self-righteous murderers of fame  
His epitaph have writ—read we the scroll:

“HERE LIES

A fallen, miserable wretch,  
Whose genius wander'd through the realms of thought  
In moody, mournful, passionless despair,  
Plucking dead garlands from the grave of Hope—  
A hardened Pharaoh, who sat enthroned  
In darkness most profound—the King of Night—  
Sole monarch of a rayless realm.” A ghoul,  
A fiend, might covet attributes like these;  
And yet insensate men have heaped them all  
On one poor poet's grave. Vainglorious fools!

Ye who with eager wonder gather round—  
Like louts who follow at the hangman's heels  
To see the work of desolation wrought—  
If ever ye would gaze upon the sun,  
'Twere well to draw a shadow o'er your eyes,  
Lest the fierce glory of the fiery king  
Should punish your presumption. Men, like owls,  
See better in the shade, when they themselves  
Do skulk in darkness: Go, then, ye knaves,  
And from your dismal loopholes in the earth  
Stare at his awful visage! Gaze your fill,  
And learn that even yon broad-fronted god,  
Who comes in glory from the golden East  
To bless the laughing universe with light,  
Hath spots and blemishes upon his brow  
Which mar the splendor of his dazzling front.  
Look forth upon the universe—and tell  
Whether ye find amid the hosts of time  
Aught which bears the prestige of perfection;  
Then introvert thy wonder-searching gaze  
Deep in the secret dungeon of thy heart,  
And say, hast thou nor spot nor blemish there?

O, who shall sit in judgment o'er the tomb?  
Shall we, mere pigmies, dare invade the grave,  
And drag to light the frailties of the dead,  
When we ourselves with faults are black as hell?

Poor Allan, they have buried thee at last,  
And, like thine own ill-omened bird, have perched  
Upon thy tomb, to whet their carrion beaks  
And croak thy frailties, "evermore." Croak on,  
Ye brainless idiots—croak! Ye can not harm  
His deathless fame. He who hath "dream'd such dreams  
As mortal never dared to dream before,"  
Like yon cloud-piercing monument of time,\*  
Which proudly rears its coronal of gems  
High—high above this grov'ling world: thus he,  
The gifted son of song, shall ever reign,  
While genius claims a votary on earth.

\* Mount Shasta.

“LES MISERABLES.”

“Through weary life this lesson learn :  
That man was made to mourn.”

BURNS.

TIME was when this bleak world of ours  
To me seem'd naught but radiant charms :  
Arrayed in groves and glowing flowers,  
And Nature's brightest, fairest forms,  
It seem'd a miniature of heaven—  
A blest abode to mortals given,  
Secure from Sorrow's blighting storms.

Terrestrial joys are evanescent,  
For clouds of woe will intervene :  
As Luna fades from sphere to crescent,  
And loses oft her dazzling sheen,  
So pass away Hope's cherish'd treasures,  
So grief o'ershadows mundane pleasures,  
Till Death, in mercy, ends the scene.

Alas! what scenes of pain and anguish

Forever meet kind Pity's eye!

Millions in squalid famine languish,

Whose only solace is—to die!

No friendly hand is nigh to cherish

The starving wretches, doom'd to perish,

With plaintive wail and mournful sigh.

Wild War sweeps o'er the earth in madness,

And leaves a train of bitter woe!

The star of Hope, the light of gladness,

Are quenched in battle's lurid glow.

War leaves behind no pleasing token,

To soothe the hearts so rudely broken

Beneath the desolating blow.

Mysterious world of transient folly,

Where man is born to toil and die;

Or drag a life of melancholy,

And knows not e'en the reason why!

But, plodding on through pain and sorrow,

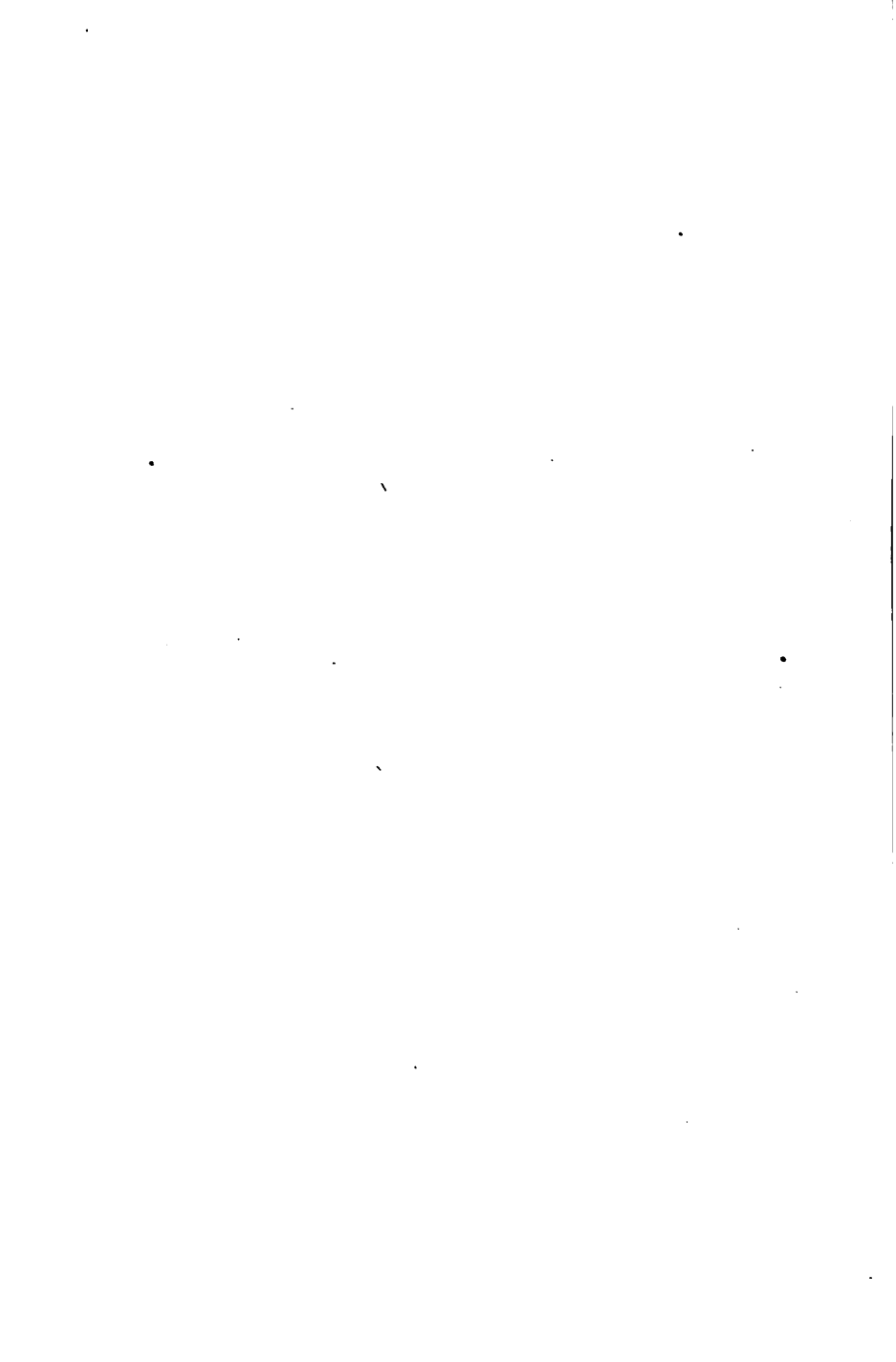
Forever dreams of joys—to-morrow,

Until his three-score years glide by.

One star alone abideth ever,  
To cheer life's dark, portentous wave:  
The hope that man shall live forever—  
That heav'n shall have the pow'r to save;  
That when this mortal strife is ended,  
And dust with dust at last is blended,  
The soul shall triumph o'er the grave.

[MADISON, *Indiana*, 1847.]





## SONG OF SCIENCE.

THE world—the world—the world is mine,  
With all its boundless land and sea :  
The world is mine, by right divine—  
No other lawful king but me !

Where Himalaya's highest cone  
Amid the stars doth hide his face,  
There I have reared my golden throne—  
The lighthouse of the human race.

A royal Potentate am I !  
To me the godlike power is given  
To quell the uproar of the sky  
And grasp the blazing bolts of heaven !

Jove's rattling pother, far below,  
Among the old Hellenic hills,

Is but a petty, raree-show,  
Which ends when royal Science wills.

With telescopic eyes I scan  
The universe of suns and spheres,  
And seek the happiness of man  
In what is real—what appears.

The white-winged navies of the deep—  
Rich argosies from distant shores,  
For me their precious burthens keep—  
For me convey the hoarded stores.

The world—the world—the world is mine,  
With all its boundless land and sea:  
The world is mine, by right divine—  
No other lawful king but me!

## POST-PLIOCENE.\*

SAY, can thy cold and flinty noddle  
Impart the story of thy birth?  
Are Lyell's and Humboldt's volumes "twaddle"  
About this rock-environed earth?

Was Miller's thesis all ideal—  
The vision of an addled brain?  
Are themes of Agassiz unreal,  
And all his grand deductions vain?

Wast thou begotten in some planet,  
And pell-mell dashed upon the earth?  
Or was the primal, naked granite  
Thy rude and cheerless place of birth?

\* Recently, in the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevadas, while some miners were sinking a shaft, a petrified human skull was found in the post-pliocene rocks, at a depth of nearly two hundred feet from the surface. This rare specimen is now in the possession of Professor Whitney, formerly State Geologist of California.

Can thy dull pate the time remember,  
    When earth from pole to pole was torn?  
When, like a red-hot, glowing ember,  
    Old Himalaya's height was born?

Or did the awful, mutt'ring thunder  
    Disturb thy adamantine sleep,  
When continents were rent asunder,  
    And Andes rose from out the deep?

What were thy means of gaining knowledge  
    In dim and dismal days of yore?  
Say, didst thou have nor school, nor college,  
    To speculate in occult lore?

Perhaps thy brain was philosophic,  
    And knew the secrets of the stars;  
And by thy knowledge astronomic,  
    Can tell if people dwell on Mars?

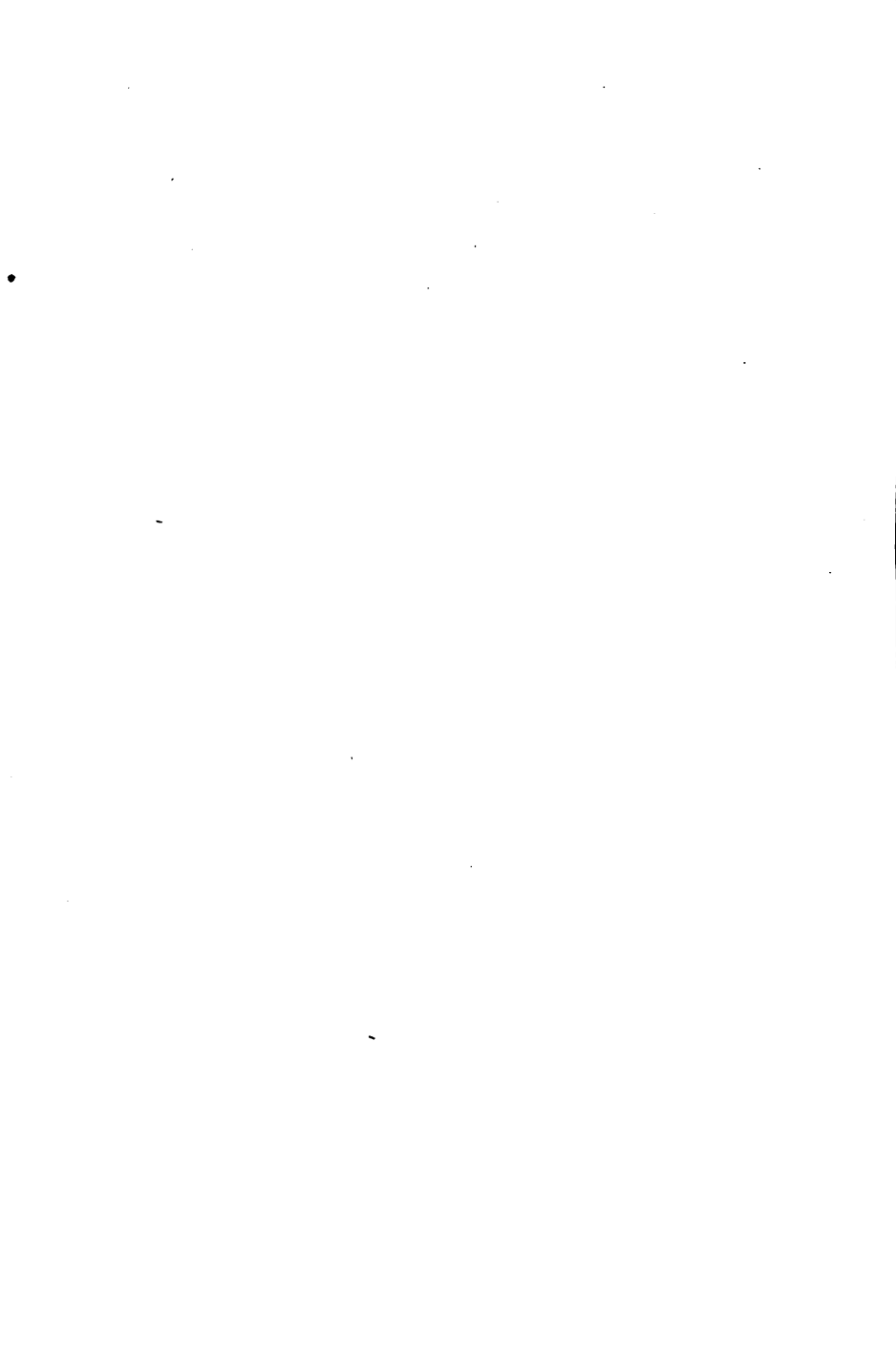
And has the earth for years a million  
    Been floating round the blazing sun?

Must miles be reckoned by the billion  
Through which the constellations run?

Is planetary space ethereal,  
As our philosophers maintain?  
Does earth perform a path sidereal  
And shift the soundings of the main?

How came the ice in regions torrid?  
How elephants in frozen zone?  
Were fauna of the past so horrid  
As geologic types have shown?

How vain and puerile man's endeavor  
To fathom Nature's boundless deep!  
The mystery will rest forever,  
Profound as thy eternal sleep.



## TEMBLOR MUY TERRIBLE.

THERE'S warning in the sky!  
Aerial fires through heaven roll,  
And red Auroras fleck the pole;  
Cometic trains illumine the sky,  
And blazing meteors flash on high;  
Strange lights through constellations run,  
And black eclipses blot the sun;  
While sheeted lightning sears the land,  
And terrors rise on ev'ry hand:

There's warning in the sky!

There's danger in the deep!  
The good ship, ready for the main,  
Hangs helpless at her rusty chain;  
The sailor prays for fav'ring gales,  
But not a breath will stir the sails;



The dolphin flaunts not through the spray;  
The shark has ceased to hunt his prey;  
The albatross soars high in air;  
There's dread—there's warning ev'rywhere:  
There's danger in the deep!

There's terror in the wind!  
Typhoons in awful fury rave,  
And whirlwinds lash the troubled wave;  
Siroccos blast the torrid plain,  
While temp'rate zones are drowned in rain;  
The dread volcanoes blaze on high,  
And pois'nous vapors fill the sky;  
While pestilential plagues prevail,  
Portending death in ev'ry gale:  
There's terror in the wind!

There's trouble in the land!  
Portentous hangs the pulseless air;  
The wolf forsakes his hidden lair;  
The sky is clad in dusky dun,  
And strangely glares the yellow sun;

The vane moves not above the spire;  
The ocean glows like liquid fire;  
The gull has left the sultry shore;  
The hound pants helpless at the door:  
There's trouble in the land!

There's trembling in the town!  
And hark! what means that awful sound,  
Like triple thunder in the ground?  
What wakes that rattling, deaf'ning roar?  
Why leaps the ocean on the shore?  
The solid hills are toppling down!  
A nameless fear pervades the town;  
While shrieks and wailings of despair  
Are borne upon the stifling air:  
There's trembling in the town!

There's weeping o'er the scene!  
On yester-eve the city, gay,  
Had closed a pleasing holiday;  
Last night the thoughtless, happy throng  
Enjoyed the wine and merry song;

To-day the sable emblems wave  
O'er many a mangled victim's grave,  
While ruthless Ruin lifts her wand  
Above the God-forsaken land:  
There's weeping o'er the scene!

## CRAZY NELL.\*

**O**N lonely Humboldt's desert shore  
A narrow grave they made him,  
And traced the name of "Allan Moore,"  
To mark where they had laid him.  
No flowers bloom upon his grave  
To deck his lonely pillow;  
The wild sage branches o'er it wave  
Beneath a fading willow.

Along Lake Erie's beetling shore,  
In silent hemlock bowers,  
A maiden mourns for Allan Moore,  
And gathers faded flowers.

\*In 1852, the author was at Dunkirk, New York, and was there told an affecting story about a young lady who resided in that vicinity, and who had become hopelessly insane on account of a rumor having reached her, that her lover had perished on the way to California. The ballad was written in the valley of the Humboldt River, in 1854.

Poor Nell Monroe is crazy now—

Her hair is left unbraided;

The rose that bloomed upon her brow,

To lily white has faded.

She wept not when the tidings came,

That Allan Moore had perished;

She sighed not when she heard his name—

That name so fondly cherished!

Too rudely came the shock of woe,

It made the life-chord sever;

Her spirit fell beneath the blow

To rise no more forever.

In vain with gifts they woo poor Nell—

Bright jewels are rejected;

The spotted fawn she loved so well

Is left to die neglected.

Her love-toned voice is never heard,

Her star of hope has fallen;

She whispers only one fond word—

The cherished name of "Allan."

When round his grave the moonbeams play—

When stars are vigil keeping,

The Indian maidens love to stray

Where Allan Moore is sleeping.

But, one heart only feels the woe

For him so lowly lying,

That one alone hath felt the blow—

Poor, crazy Nell is dying!



## A BLEAK NIGHT.

**T**HIS is a fearful night in the street, VAN;  
Hear how the windows rattle in the hail!  
The angry tempest growls above the roof,  
As if old Ursa were with Boreas joined  
To let us know what Lapland winter is.  
But let it rattle—let it rave and howl!—  
We'll heed it not, old friend. Why should we care  
For pelting hail or battling storm without?  
Our staunch old walls have braved full many a blast  
In darker, wilder nights than this, "lang syne."  
Our larder groans with plenty, and our hearts  
Are light and cheerful as the ruddy blaze,  
Which glows and crackles on the hearth. But hark!  
What means that plaintive moan? Didst hear it not?  
Alas! it is the shriek of mortal woe!  
The freezing beggar dying in the street!  
O God of Light, how damning is the truth



That luxury serves but to blind our eyes,  
And shut our doors against the starving poor.  
Like some proud bark upon the shoreless deep,  
Which spreads its snowy pinions in the breeze,  
And sweeps athwart the surface of the wave,  
Unconscious of the living world beneath,  
SOCIETY, in pompous power, moves on,  
Sporting with bubbles on the sea of life,  
Regardless of the toiling herd below.  
Yes, VAN; e'en now, while we are here ensconced  
In ease and comfort—sheltered from the cold—  
A countless army of our fellow-men  
Are perishing in direst want.  
O, give me riches—give me gleaming hoards  
Of precious, want-relieving *gold*. O yes,  
I would be rich—incalculably rich—  
Richer than all this vaunting world beside.  
If dusky Egypt's pond'rous monuments  
Were solid ingots of the finest gold,  
I'd grasp them all, and cry aloud for more.  
And when the priceless boon was mine entire  
I'd weary Heaven with my ceaseless prayers

To smite my soul, as Moses did the rock,  
And cause my sordid, treasure-grasping hand  
To deluge earth with blessings. Glorious thought!  
That I, yes, even I, should then become  
A godlike benefactor of the world!  
Should bid the ghost of Misery depart,  
And hear the orphan laughing at his frown.  
War, Want, and Famine then should disappear,  
And Earth be made a happy dwelling-place.  
O blessed dream of that which can not be!  
For I am mortal—and the dial hands  
Are pointing heavenward, to teach us, VAN,  
That Fate has fixed the destinies of man.

[NEW YORK CITY, 1852.]



ALICE CARY.

AIR — "*I'd offer thee this hand of mine.*"

O H, Alice, touch thy harp again,  
I love its notes of woe;  
'There's something in its mournful strain  
The world may never know.

Thy harp hath breathed its lays so sweet,  
Its tones can never die,  
Till Time shall don his winding-sheet,  
And slumber in the sky.

The world may curl the lip of scorn,  
When Sorrow doth complain;  
But ev'ry bosom hath its thorn,  
To pierce the heart with pain.

Then, Alice, touch thy harp again  
For those whose lot may be

To weep—alas! to weep in vain  
For heartless perfidy.

Oh, strike thy harp when Beauty dies,  
And withers in its bloom;  
When all that's lovely fades and flies,  
Like phantoms in the gloom.

Philosophy, arrayed in steel,  
The storms of Fate may brave;  
But e'en his iron heart must feel  
A sorrow at the grave.

## EVE OF BATTLE.

[The following lines were written at Saltillo, Mexico, in the month of January, 1847, during the day on which Major Gaines and Captain Cassius M. Clay, together with a company of Kentucky Cavalry, were captured at Encarnacion. The battle of Buena Vista was fought a month later :]

THE foe hovers round us—the moment is nigh,  
When War's lurid tempest shall darken the sky;  
A Mexican host is advancing in power  
And battle's wild storm is beginning to lower;  
Then, sound the shrill bugle and thundering drum,  
The foe is at hand—let him come! let him come!

The foe is advancing—come, let us arise  
And lift the dear flag to the storm-boding skies,  
And there let it float in the hurricane's breath,  
To welcome the serf to his banquet of death;  
O, sound the shrill bugle and echoing drum—  
The foe is at hand—let him come! let him come!

Shall we, who have struggled o'er deserts and waves,  
E'er blanch at beholding an army of slaves?  
Shall we who have sworn by the powers of heaven  
Our flag to defend, from our duty be driven?  
No! sound the loud bugle and thundering drum,  
The foe is at hand—let him come! let him come!

“Revenge” be the watchword! revenge for the day  
When freemen fell bleeding before Monterey!  
Revenge for the blood of the heroes they've slain  
At dread Palo Alto and Resaca's plain!  
Sound, sound the shrill bugle and thundering drum—  
The foe is at hand—let him come! let him come!

## RIO GRANDE.

AIR — “ *Midnight Hour.* ”

'TIS night—the sun no longer glows  
O'er chap'rral grove, or barren land;  
The weary soldier seeks repose,  
Beside the Rio Grande.

The stars are gleaming, clear and bright,  
The sea breaks wildly on the strand;  
The night-bird screams, and takes his flight  
Along the Rio Grande:

While Mem'ry bears me o'er the sea,  
To my own happy, native land;  
And bids me haste away from thee—  
Deep, winding Rio Grande.



This is a sad and lonely life—  
And this a cheerless, barren land;  
Beset with pestilence and strife,  
Upon the Rio Grande.

But Duty called the soldier here,  
And Duty bids him firmly stand,  
Till every foe shall disappear  
Beyond the Rio Grande.

Then by yon glowing sky above,  
And by yon winding Rio Grande,  
I'll hasten to the girl I love,  
In my own native land.

[CAMP BELKNAP, *Texas*, 1846.]

## SONG—THAT OLD GUITAR.\*

AIR—"Irish Emigrant's Lament."

WHEN we were o'er the waves, Charley,  
Beyond the bounding main,  
I heard you strike that old guitar  
That ne'er will sound again.  
Its cords are silent now, Charley,  
Its plaintive notes are still;  
And those sweet songs that with it chimed  
No more the heart can thrill:

\* This ballad was originally published in the *Cincinnati Great West*, some time in the autumn of 1848. It was dedicated to the memory of Charles H. Goff, who fell in the battle of Buena Vista. Goff was a gallant soldier, an accomplished gentleman, a warm-hearted friend, and a gifted composer of music. He was also an excellent performer upon the guitar, and used to cheer our weary camp-life with its sweet music. After the great battle was over, and when the foe had retired from the field, we found the corpse of poor Goff among the slain, and

"By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,"

laid it in the earth without a shroud or coffin.

For you are sleeping now, Charley,  
    Within the silent grave;  
The sod grows green above you now,  
    The willows o'er you wave.  
I've heard you sing of home, Charley,  
    Of lov'd ones o'er the main;  
But Fate decreed that you should ne'er  
    Those loved ones see again.

The wolves howled fierce and loud, Charley,  
    On Buena Vista's plain;  
But O! you heeded not their cries,  
    For you were with the slain!  
I never shall forget, Charley,  
    That cheerless night of woe,  
When I beheld your lifeless corpse  
    In earth's cold breast laid low.

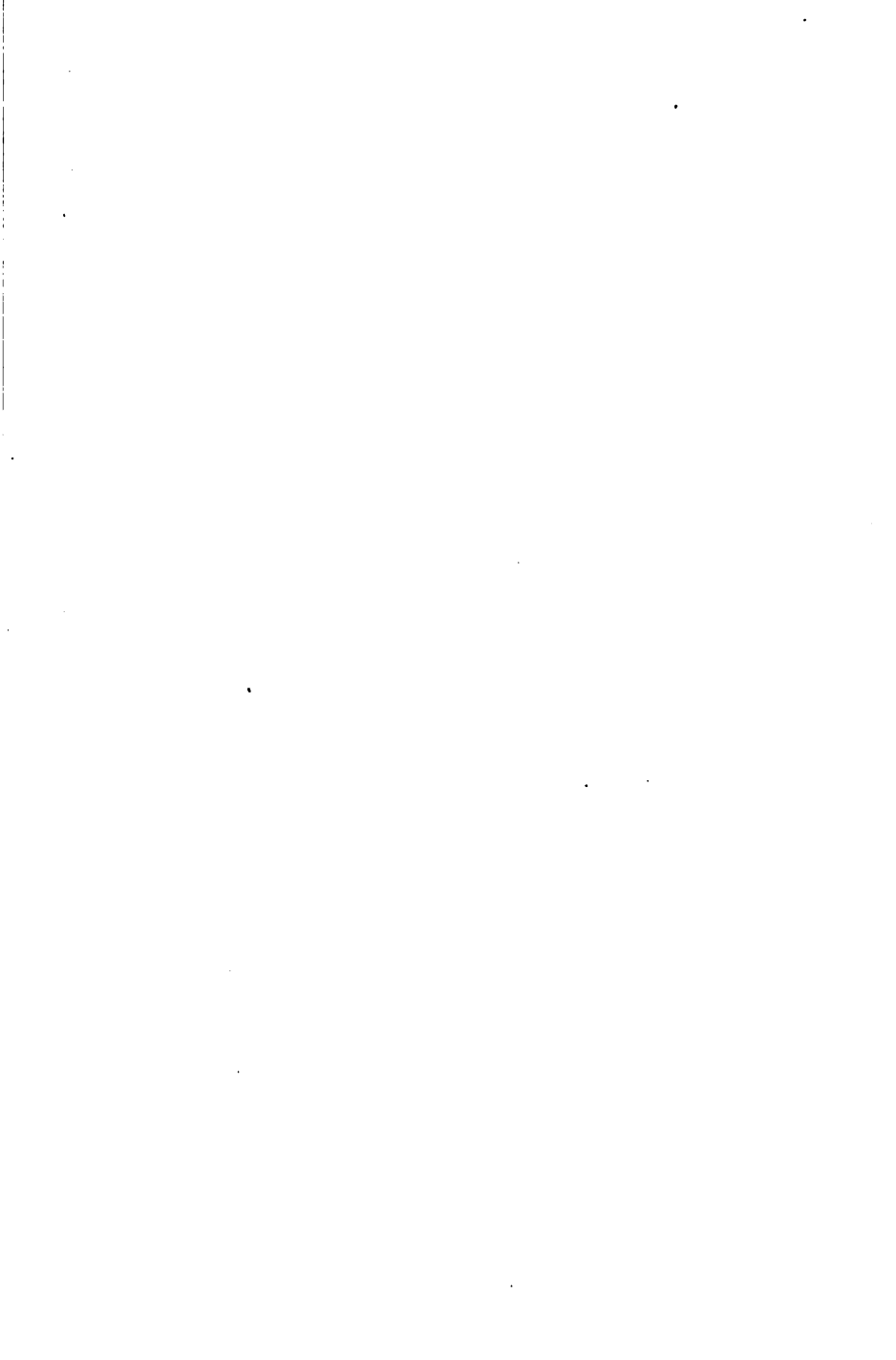
A mother was not there, Charley,  
    To weep beside your grave;  
Your brother soldiers laid you down  
    To slumber with the brave.

The harp is broken now, Charley—

You'll sing no more of war;

For death has silenced all your songs,

And hushed *that old guitar.*



## LOST NYDIA.

AS when the moon her silver shallop guides  
Athwart the deep, cerulean sea of space,  
The timid stars hang trembling in the sky,  
And one by one shrink back into the gloom,  
O'erwhelmed and lost in her transcendent beams;  
So NYDIA moved among the dazzling throng,  
A peerless queen of beauty, grace, and love—  
A living magnet to bewildered eyes—  
A cherished jewel in affection's hoard—  
The blest ideal of the fondest hopes—  
A father's idol and a mother's joy.  
Behold her now—a blighted, nameless thing—  
A whited sepulchre—a painted mask  
Of crime, and rottenness, and vice!  
Gone—gone forever from her pallid brow  
That harbinger of innocence and truth—  
The sinless maiden's blush.

She dazzles yet

As gleams an icicle upon the verge  
Of some cloud-mantled precipice,  
Which rears its rifted summit o'er a gulf  
Of dark, impenetrable gloom. She hangs  
Air-propp'd and trembling on the brink,  
Without a hope—without one friendly smile  
To cheer her spirit in its hour of woe.  
Oh, fearful fate! inevitable doom!  
And what hath made her thus so vile and low?  
Who—who hath brought her to this dread estate?  
A voice comes shrieking from the boundless depths  
Of that dark vortex where poor Nydia stands,  
And fiends and devils mingle in reply:  
“'Twas *man*—'twas *woman* did the fearful deed.”  
Her story is a trite, familiar one—  
A stereotype of frailty and its woes:  
She loved and trusted—yielded—was undone.  
A loathsome viper fastened on her heart,  
And breathed its blighting venom on her soul.  
Then came the bitterness of hope deferred;  
A father's anger, and the worldling's sneer;

Regret, and penitence, and dumb remorse.  
Poor, miserable, friendless, lonely wretch !  
Where now are all those wonder-beaming eyes  
Which once were strained to catch a glimpse of thee ;  
Who now will hail thee fairest of the fair ?  
Thy sex consigns thee to thy loathsome doom,  
And all thy penitential tears are vain ;  
E'en Pity's self has turned her back on thee ;  
Society has barred her iron doors ;  
While "meek-eyed Mercy" mocks thee in thy woe.  
There is a hope for wayward, reckless youth ;  
A fatted calf to feast a worthless son ;  
But when the ill-starred, luckless *daughter* errs,  
The grave's the only friend that's left to her.



“Why doth the white man dare to brave

The storms of Ano-a-tok?

Why, why hath he left the tepid wave,

To lay his bones in a frozen grave

By the beetling, wind-loved rock?

“Go, white man—go, while the sun doth glow,

Nor dare the terrible gloom;

For soon the shimmering ice will flow,

And the long, long night, with its pall of snow,

Will thee and thy ship entomb.”

But old Sir John was a sailor bold

As ever laid hand to helm;

Nor recked he aught of danger or cold,

Nor trembled he when the black waves rolled,

In hyperborean realm.

He only laughed at the warning given

By the shivering Esquimaux,

the name of a dreary promontory on the coast of Greenland. See Dr. Kane's  
“Arctic Expedition.”

And boldly shouted, as northward driven,  
"I'll lift the pole-star higher in heaven,  
And earth's dark mystery know."

Away, away, did the good ship fly  
By many a dreary coast;  
But Boreas chased the sun from the sky,  
And hung a pall o'er the stars on high,  
And gallant Sir John was lost.

The hungry bear, from his snowy lair  
On a dismal Greenland rock,  
Doth greedily snuff the frozen air,  
For mariners' bones are dainty fare  
For the beasts of Ano-a-tok.

[PLACERVILLE, *California*, 1858.]



CAP *vs.* CROWN.

DESPOTISM.

**D**OWN—down to the dust! haughty rebel, come  
down,

And humble thy pride to the sceptre and crown!

Too long hath thy temple, with meteor glare,

Allured half the world to the brink of despair;

But Destiny points to thy star-girdled throne,

And plainly foretells that its glory is gone.

Vain—vain was the boast of its greatness and power,

Like frost from the sun it will pass in an hour—

'Twill glide from the earth like a ghost on the wind,

And leave not a trace of its being behind!

Behold how thy insolent champions fall,

And leave thee alone in the gathering thrall!

But lately the pall o'er thy HENRY was cast—

The death-knell of WEBSTER now mourns on the blast:

While anarchy rolls through thy favorite realm  
Like a foundering bark without pilot or helm.

Thy altar which blazed in the bosom of *France*,  
Has crumbled to dust at an Emperor's glance!  
The last hope of *Erin* forever has flown,  
Or dwells in the dreams of her exiles alone;  
Thy fires have ceased in *Italia* to glow,  
And the rabble of Rome are forever laid low,  
While the insolent *Hun* through the nation is driven,  
"A beggar on earth, and an outcast from heaven!"

## LIBERTY.

Foul monster! thy gaze, like the phosphoric spark  
Of a rotten mushroom, renders darkness more dark!  
But pitying heaven has veiled thee in gloom,  
To hide from thy vision thy terrible doom.

How puerile and vain is thy insolent taunt,  
For earth shall soon bid thee forever avault,  
Thy myrmidons bear their detestable load  
Like the patient old Hydra which Babylon rode;

But, tyrant—while man ye thus fetter and bind,  
Beware of the light of his terrible mind.

Though Freedom doth weep for the loss of her sons,  
When robbed of her dearest and favorite ones;  
Though *Ashland* lies dark in the trappings of woe,  
And *Marshfield* doth mourn for its hero laid low;  
Yet glory is kindling a light in the gloom,  
And Fame sits enthroned on each patriot's tomb.

The shamrock may wither in Erin's green isle,  
While sadly she waits for her lonely exile;  
But soon shall her long night of sorrow be o'er;  
For Liberty dwells on her desolate shore.

Thy dark soul may gloat o'er the ruins of Rome,  
But Freedom still lurks in each hovel and dome;  
And Italy, too, will arise in her ire,  
Like the flames which ascend from her mountains of fire,  
And rend from her bosom the festering sword,  
To bury it deep in the myrmidon horde.

Hark!—hark ye!—a shout loudly rings in the blast—  
'Tis the war-clang of nations—“*revenge for the past!*”  
'Tis a world-waking shout—ay, look to it well,  
'Tis a cry that shall herald the tyrant to hell!

[COLOMA, California, 1853.]

## SOLACE.

**A**S a ghost at the dawn disappears,  
From a smile our miseries fly:  
Then let not those blistering tears,  
Dear KATE, dim the light of your eye.  
For Time, as it goes,  
Though clouded by woes,  
Hath hope yet for you, KATE, and I.

Mourn not for the vanishing past;  
Let Care in forgetfulness fade:  
'Twas only a phantom, at best—  
Thank God, that it's lost in the shade.  
The past was a dream,  
A meteor gleam,  
And the present for you, KATE, was made.

When Sorrow environs your heart,  
When Grief, like a shadow, is near;



O, bid the black phantoms depart,  
Nor grant them the boon of a tear.  
For the years, as they roll,  
Though they chasten the soul,  
Yield moments of exquisite cheer.

If Calumny strikes at your fame,  
Your spirit should ever be brave,  
And the black-hearted demon, for shame,  
Will hide his vile head in the grave:  
For Time, like the sea,  
Ever restless and free,  
Bears bubbles of Truth on each wave.

[*January*, 1855.]

ZION "DELEND A EST."

JERUSALEM, City of God,  
Thy glory hath faded and gone;  
The place where the Psalmist hath trod  
Lies desolate, wasted—alone.

The Nazarene's curse is fulfilled:  
Thy people are scattered afar,  
And Heaven in anger hath willed  
For ages to blast thee with war.

The harp of King David is still;  
Thy temple is lost in decay;  
The olive blooms not on the hill;  
The vine yields no fruit by the way.

No more can the timbrel be heard,  
To rally the conquering Jew;

The gleam of Mahomet's dread sword  
Now flashes on Israel's view.

Mount Hermon still glistens with dew,  
But drear are the valleys and plain;  
No change can their beauty renew,  
Or clothe them with verdure again.

Jehovah hath turned from the land  
The light of His countenance now,  
And stayed His omnipotent hand  
In shielding His people from woe.

[MADISON, *Indiana*, 1844.]

## THE ANCIENT MISSIONARY.

THE north wind swept o'er the frozen earth,  
The mist gathered over the moor;  
While we encircled our cheerful hearth,  
From the pitiless storm secure.

We talked of many a legend old,  
And we listened to tales of woe;  
We wept for the beggar, stark and cold,  
Who perished last year in the snow.

We thought of men in the dismal cell,  
And pitied the starving poor;  
When, lo! a voice like a solemn knell  
Was heard at our chamber door!

The clock was ringing the noon of night,  
"The fire was treading the snow," \*

\* A nursery saying in the Western States.

When entered the chamber an aged wight,  
Who bade us this history know:

“The smile of Deity blest my birth,  
Ere the world its journey began:  
My name is ALPHA—the first of earth,  
And the father and friend of man.

“I saw the Sun, when his laughing light  
First blazed in the ambient sky;  
I saw the Stars, when their circling flight  
Began in the realms on high.

“I heard the deep, ineffable groan  
Of the shudd’ring, laboring Earth,  
When the world was severed from zone to zone,  
And the Andes received their birth.

“A myriad rounds the Moon has whirled  
Athwart the glittering sky,  
To guide my way o’er the weary world  
As the years rolled solemnly by.

"I've scattered flowers along Life's way—

I have seen them die in their bloom;

I've smiled on every natal day,

And have wept o'er every tomb.

"Then learn of me, ephemeral Man,

The lesson thy God hath given,

To bless the nations since Time began,

And render the earth a heaven.

"Hear thou the desolate orphan's cry—

And remember the widow's woe;

Shun not the couch where sufferers lie,

When the tears of affliction flow.

"Be gentle to those who labor for thee;

Be kind to the famishing poor;

Relieve the fallen whome'er they be,

Nor against them fasten thy door.

"And when the drama of Life shall close,

And the spirit shall covet rest,

I'll hallow thy tomb with blest repose,  
And will fold thy heart in my breast.

[*Midnight, December 31, 1853.*]

## THE WARNING.\*

WHERE the winding Bravo River  
Gently laves the thirsty lea;  
Where the mesquite's foliage ever  
Quivers like the moonlit sea;  
There, her midnight vigil keeping,  
INEZ prayed above her child,  
For the dread north wind was sweeping—  
Sweeping o'er the desert wild.

While her beads the mother numbered,  
While she breathed a fervent prayer,  
Still the niño calmly slumbered—  
Calmly, sweetly slumbered there.  
"Sleep!" she whispered, "darling fairy—  
Sleep upon thy mother's arm;

\* Many of the border Mexicans entertain a superstitious belief that the peculiar tempest known as the "Norther," is a providential warning that the settlements are in danger of a Comanche raid.



For I know the blessed Mary  
Will protect my child from harm.

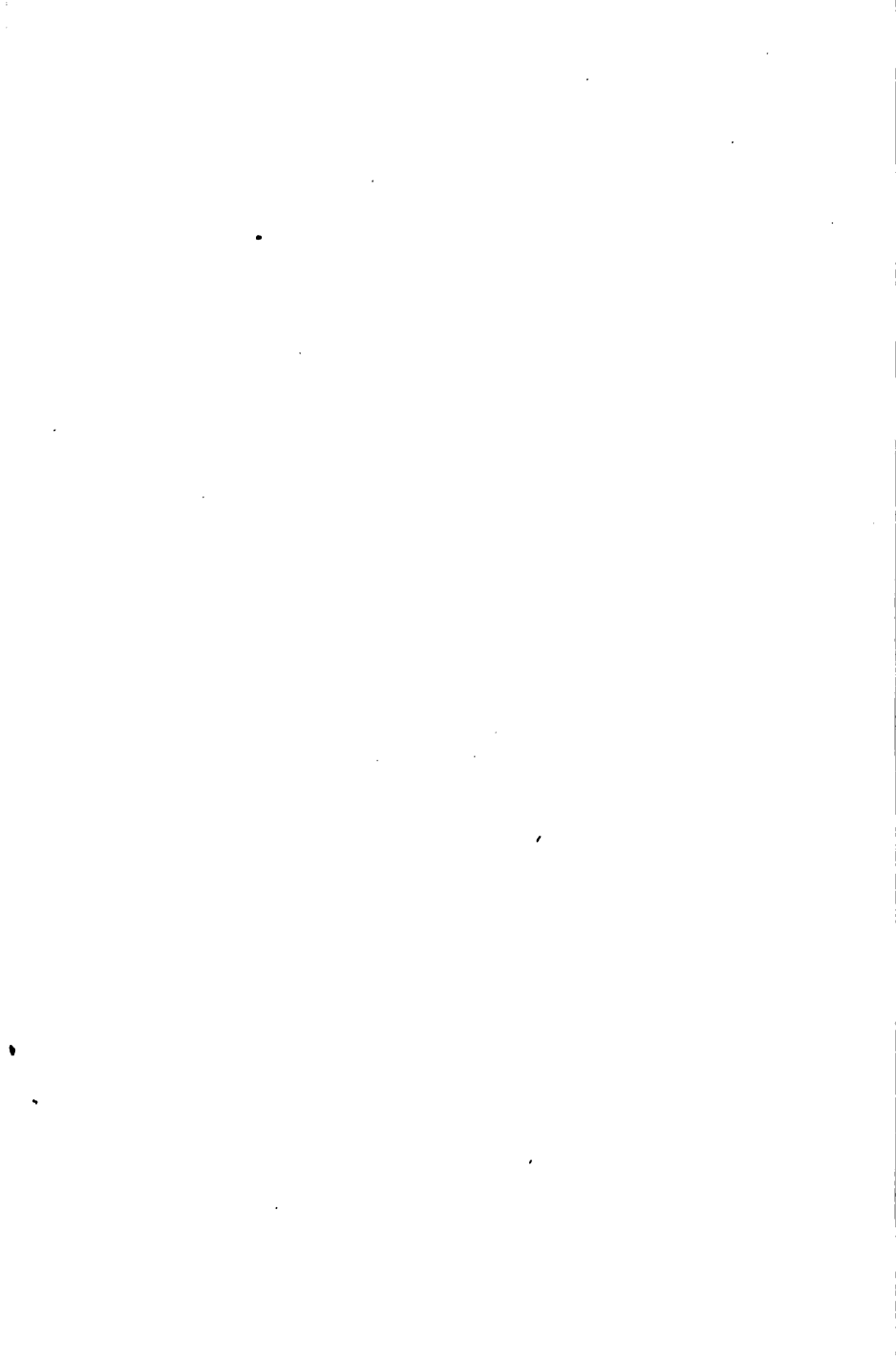
"Sleep, my angel, though our dwelling  
Trembles in the angry gale:  
'Tis the NORTHER'S voice foretelling  
That the foe is in the vale:  
But I trust that God in heaven—  
God who rules the tempest wild—  
He who hath the warning given,  
Surely will protect my child."

Thus poor INEZ, vigil keeping,  
Wept and murmured o'er her child;  
And the babe, serenely sleeping,  
Heard her voice, and sweetly smiled.  
Still her beads the mother numbered,  
Still she breathed a tearful prayer,  
While the infant calmly slumbered—  
Calmly, sweetly slumbered there.

Darkness deepened round the dwelling;  
Stealthily Comanche came;

Louder than the tempest swelling  
    Roared the war-whoop and the flame!  
Vain the mother's cry of anguish—  
    Vain poor Niño's wild dismay—  
Doomed in slavery to languish,  
    With the Red Man far away.

[August, 1847.]



SAM KEITH.

THIS is a fearful night, SAM:  
The tempest raves on high;  
From cloud to cloud, deep thunder loud  
Re-echoes through the sky.

Why do you look so sad, SAM?  
There's trouble in your mind:  
Shall you and I sit here and sigh,  
Like pine-trees in the wind?

'Tis true we're quite alone, SAM;  
But Memory, true and kind,  
Doth bind us still, with heart and will,  
To those we left behind.

Then let the storm blow on, SAM,  
And shake our humble dome;

Come weal or woe, where'er we go,  
Our hearts are still at home.

[GOLD MINES, *December*, 1849.]

## THE WANDERER.

**B**ENEATH the feathered cocoa's shade—  
In blooming isles which never fade—  
In latitudes remote from ours,  
Where all is life and light and flowers—  
Or on the vast, unfathomed main,  
Where Terror sits enthroned forever—  
O'er hill and rock and spreading plain—  
By many a lonely, winding river—  
My luckless star hath made me roam,  
An exiled wanderer from home.

My own loved land of sun and shower,  
Where earth and sky are changing ever—  
Where hoary frost succeeds the flower,  
But chills the heart of friendship never;

Thou favored realm whom God hath given  
The attribute of power divine,  
To wield the fearful bolts of heaven,  
And bind the lightning to the line:  
In regions further from the pole  
The king of day may brighter shine,  
But fails to animate the soul  
As in this colder clime of mine.

At home again! at home again!  
Once more I tread my native hills—  
A joy that seems almost a pain,  
Within my bounding spirit thrills:  
The world may boast in pompous phrase  
Of brighter climes beyond the deep;  
Where costly gems in splendor blaze,  
And spicy gales forever sweep;  
In hovel, hut, or sculptured dome,  
Wherever friends or kindred dwell,  
The holiest spot on earth is home—  
And none but wanderers know it well.

THE GREAT CEDAR-TREE OF  
CALIFORNIA.\*

UNRECKONED centuries have rolled away  
Since thou wast planted in thy ancient bed.  
Kingdoms have waxed and waned. Rock-built tow'rs  
Have crumbled in decay. The solid hills  
Have trembled on their everlasting thrones,  
And bowed their summits to relentless Time;  
Yet thou hast stood through every change, old tree—  
The sole survivor of a ruined world.  
When saurian monsters reveled in the deep,  
And flying reptiles flapped the dusky air;  
Creative Nature shuddered at the sight,  
And at the bidding of the living God,  
Rushed wildly through the sightless, rayless void  
To smite those dread abortions of her will,

\* This tree measured two hundred and eighty-seven feet in height, and ninety-two feet in circumference.



And rear a smiling world upon their tombs.  
And when the work of ruin was complete,  
She breathed her life-inspiring breath again,  
And earth's prolific breast revealed a store  
Of wonders infinite.

And thou wast there,  
Old tree—the bright primeval woods among—  
The comeliest sapling of them all. E'en then  
Thy youthful boughs were towering o'er the plain,  
And lazy mammoths rested in their shade.

Proud challenger of Time's eternal storms—  
Posthumous monument of ages past—  
Thy giant crest which dwelt amidst the clouds,  
And played unscathed with thunders in the sky,  
Lies humbled in the dust! Ignoble doom—  
Inglorious fate! yet, worse than this, old tree,  
They've torn the mantle from thine honored trunk  
*To make a farthing show!*

O selfish man—  
How didst thou dare to raise thy impious hand  
Against this living monument of earth—

A matchless heirloom worthy of the gods—  
Which heaven itself hath spared unharmed?  
Dull pigmy—couldst thou not have been content  
To delve like Megatherium in the dirt  
For that thy soul doth covet? *Gold's* thy mark:  
Thou shouldst have sought it in thy native mire,  
Nor dared to lift thy sordid, selfish gaze  
To objects pointing heavenward. Alas!  
'Tis selfishness that always rules the roast:  
Thrice happy he who gathers up the most.

[COLOMA, *California*, 1852.]



## FUNERAL DIRGE.

"O, if earth be all, and heaven nothing,  
What thrice-mocked fools we are."

WILLIS.

**D**ECEMBER weeps over the desolate earth,  
And mourns for the vanishing year;  
Yet Spring will return with her pageant of mirth,  
The cold breast of Nature to cheer.

But dark is the woe of the sorrowing heart  
When the winter of Death spreads its gloom—  
When the youthful and lovely like phantoms depart,  
And leave us to weep o'er the tomb.

Sweet CLARRIE is dead—O, mourn with us now,  
Ye winds that sweep over her grave;  
Wail—wail for the dead till the heavens shall bow—  
Let grief through the elements rave!

She's gone to the grave. How the life-chilling thought  
Like an iceberg environs the soul;  
Foul DEATH—on the page of creation a blot,  
Which mars and disfigures the whole.

The sleep of the dead—O say, shall it break?  
Is there power immortal to save?  
Shall the trembling spirit to glory awake  
From the terrible sleep of the grave?

Great Author of light—are we utterly blind?  
Are the promptings of reason untrue?  
Is the life-giving hope that illumines the mind  
A phantom—a mockery, too?

O, no! to the soul-cheering hope let us cling,  
That naught is created in vain:  
The Arm which hath smitten hath power to bring  
Our loved ones to being again.

[MADISON, *Indiana*, December, 1853.]

## SONG—MY NATIVE LAND, GOOD-BY.

I 'LL hie away to the desert wild—  
Away o'er the mountain high;  
I'll build my lodge where the savage dwells:  
My native land, good-by.

I long to be where the elk and deer  
O'er the blooming prairies fly;  
Where Nature smiles in her own free realm:  
My native land, good-by.

'Tis true I leave thee, my dear old home,  
With many a heartfelt sigh;  
But why should I at my lot repine?  
My native land, good-by.

The heart grows sad in its native clime,  
Bereft of its dearest tie;

Adieu, adieu to my childhood's home:

My native land, good-by.

[MADISON, *Indiana*, 1848.]

## WINTER.

THE wind sings a dirge for November:  
The landscape is pallid and lorn—  
The landscape of beauty is shorn—  
Bereft of each life-giving member.

The seasons are waging fierce battle:  
Spring died long ago in her pride;  
Brave Summer lies stark at her side;  
And Autumn now "breathes the death-rattle."

A mist gathers over the mountains;  
Dark shadows are riding the gale;  
The forest is sombre and pale,  
And beauty has flown from the fountains.



The sun has gone out like an ember:

No pulse-waking warmth in his rays—

No radiant joy for the days

Of sullen, despondent December.

## VALENTINE.

**A** GAIN the earth has marked its yearly round,  
The Winter solstice glints the sombre sky;  
The sullen storm, with melancholy sound,  
Is piping ghostly monodies on high.

A solemn voice shrieks loudly on the blast,  
In tones which thrill the palpitating air;  
A mournful dirge—a requiem for the past—  
The concentrated wailing of despair!

Woe—woe is me! that time doth fly so fast,  
And leave behind no tracery of joy!  
Woe—woe is me! that clouds should overcast  
A world I loved so fondly when a boy.

There was a time when youth and hope were mine,  
When pleasure came with this delightful day;

But age and care have crushed the VALENTINE,  
And left a world of sorrow and decay.

[February 14, 1869.]

MONA.

THEY tell me that my MONA's dead,  
That she to me is lost for aye:  
But we shall in the grave be wed—  
Our hearts shall mingle in the clay.

When drowsy Death shall dim mine eyes,  
Then bear me o'er the dark-blue wave,  
And let me rest where MONA lies—  
O, let me sleep by MONA's grave.

Some love to sleep where Druid oaks  
Their wizard shadows darkly wave;  
Some love to rest 'mid Alpine rocks—  
But bury me by MONA'S grave.

And when the angels hover there,  
How blest the heav'nly boon will be

.

To know that while they watch o'er her,  
Perhaps they'll drop a tear for me.

[COLOMA, 1851.]

TO MY DAUGHTER ALICE,

*On her Fourteenth Birth-day, September 13, 1867.*

O N the mountain, high and hoary,  
Red Auroral beauties play:  
Brightly breaks the golden glory,  
Ushering in thy natal day.

Let the Morning's glowing beauty  
Be the sampler of thy life—  
Pure in heart and firm in duty,  
Faltering never in the strife.

Take Life's golden goblet, ALICE,  
Sip the nectar while it flows;  
For full soon the soothing chalice  
Will be filled with bitter woes.

(7)

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Age is drifting down the river—

Youth is sailing up the stream;

Each a goal is seeking ever—

Each will find it all a dream.

Drifting down Life's turbid river—

Drifting, drifting evermore;

Drifting downward, drifting ever—

Death the watcher on the shore.

•

## DAY-DREAM.

**A**NOTHER day lost in the shadows forever—  
The sun has gone down in the sea;  
The red-tinted forest trees dazzle and quiver,  
And tiptoe to catch a last glimpse of the giver  
Of joy to the world and to me.

And now by the marge of a mystical river  
I stand in the gathering gloom,  
And watch, while the aspen, with tireless quiver,  
Shelters the turf which is sacred forever—  
Forever—my dear mother's tomb.

The sunset, the shadows, the mystical river,  
Are naught but a vision, I know;  
But heart, soul, and memory will turn forever  
To that sacred spot where the aspen boughs quiver,  
Where mother—dear mother—lies low.





## A "SMILING MAN."

**H**E plies his trade in a cozy den,  
Where thirsty citizens, now and then,  
Drop in to "wet their whistles:"  
He's one of the blandest of "smiling" men,  
Extremely clever, and knows just when  
To cast his witty missiles.

His nasal organ is sharp and thin—  
A sort of stalactite over the chin—  
Which juts from the visage under;  
His ears protrude like a sturgeon's fin;  
His eyes are gray, and sallow his skin—  
In short, he's a "smiling" wonder!

His den is filled with marvelous things—  
Toys from Japan, shells, fossils, and rings,  
And Indian goods in profusion;

Knives which belonged to cannibal kings,  
Enormous plumes from the condor's wings—  
All scattered around in confusion.

A wonderful place, that saw-dust den!  
A marvelous trap for unwary men  
Who go there to "wet their whistles:"  
And he with the nose so sharp and thin—  
A grinning goblin welcoming in  
His prey to a couch of thistles.

THE END.



